

Gerald LOCKLIN'S

NAMING MOM AND DAD

My father's name, Ivan, was all wrong.
There wasn't anything the least bit Russian about him.

I don't think he even had a temper.
I'm sure there were times when he had to feign anger
because the situation obviously called for it.

My mother's name was Esther Adelaide.
It always summoned up for me
the Bible, aquatic cinematics, and marmalade.
Since I prefer the first two to marmalade,
I will let the Esther stand, but the middle name must go.

I will call my father John.
I will have the name on his grave-marker changed.

I don't think it will be necessary to tell my mother
about the loss of her middle name.
I'm not really scared of her anymore,
not at a distance of 3,000 miles at least,
but I'm afraid the whole business might get her asthma
going.

John and Esther,
the perfect parents for a girl named Walter.

